THE

BRAVE IRISHMAN:

OR,

CAPTAIN O'BLUNDER.

A

FARCE.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in Smock-alley:

WITH THE

GENUINE SONGS,

Not in any other EDITION.

Supposed to be WRITTEN by

T----------S S----------N, Esq;

And REVISED with

Several CORRECTIONS and ADDITIONS.

BY

J-----N P----S T----N.

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Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Capt. *O'Blunder*,	Mr. SPARKS.
Mr *Trader*, a Merchant,	Mr. WATSON.
Chentwell,	Mr. STAYLY.
Scence,	Mr. HAMILTON.
Jerry, Captain's Serjeant,	Mr. WILLIAMS.
Dr. *Clyster*,	Mr. MUNIT.
Dr. *Gallypot*,	Mr. CUNNINGHAM.
Monf. *Ragou*,	Mr. KING.

WOMEN.

Lucy, Daughter to *Trader*,	Mrs. GREEN.
Maid,	Miss CUMMERFORD.

SCENE, LONDON.

Mob, Keepers, &c.——

BRITISH MUSEUM
28 FEB 74

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Capt. O'BLUNDER.

OAGH, brilliant Shircle, ſheaſe to vend your Spleen,
On uſh, poor Iriſh, *'till our Faults are ſheen;*
My Buſineſs here, I'd ſwear you ne'er would gueſh,
But come,—my Duty 'tiſh, firſt to confeſh;
To keep you then no longer in Suſpince,
To wed a fair one is my whole Pretince.

Phoo, now, d'ye hear—the Titter ne'er will ſheaſe,
I plainly ſee the Curl in each Fauſh.

Well then, 'tiſh ſtrange that 'Frants we here reſhave,
Ven tiſh by uſhe Engliſh *Scalpeens live,*
Have we not faught your Battles——bravely too;
And yet, ungrateful ones, all that won't do.
Oagh, would the Heroes of Hibernia's *Blood,*
Who lately in her Cauſh uprightly ſtood,
But ſhay with me, they'll mix their noble Breed,
With Britain's *Daughters! then we ſhall be freed.*
Hark, the Bell rings—I therefore muſt obey,
So ſmooth your Brows, and calmly hear the Play.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE.

TUT! tut! I was miſtaken——ne'er believe me,
If any Scandal ſhall again deceive me;
For now I find they made me but a Child,
To tell me that the Iriſh *all were wild:*
My Captain is as gentle as a Dove,
And innocent, and quite as full of Love——
Ye Britiſh *Fair, if ye would wed* THE TRUTH,
You'll only find it in the IRISH *Youth:*
The Iriſh *to our Hearts have found the Way,*
*I ne'er believ'd it till I ſaw——*the Key.
Our deareſt Secret beſt ſuch Youth rewards,
Who find the Key-hole *quick, and hit ſo true the* Wards.

THE BRAVE IRISHMAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Chamber.

Lucy *repeating,*

'Tis not the Marriage but the Man we hate;
'Tis there we reaſon and debate:
For give us but the Man we love,
We're ſure the Marriage to approve.

WELL, this ſame barbarous Marriage act is a great Draw-back on the Inclinations of young People.

Maid. Indeed and ſo it is, Mem; for my part I'm no Heireſs, and therefore at my own Propoſal! and if I was under the reſtraint of the Act, and kept from Men, I would run to Seed, ſo I wou'd—But la! Mem, I had forgot to acquaint you, I verily believes that I ſaw your *Iriſh* Lover the Captain; and I conjectures it was he and no other, ſo I do—and I ſaw him run into the Blue Poſtices, ſo I did.

Lucy. My *Iriſh* Lover, Miſs Pert; I never ſo much as ſaw his Potato Face in all my born Days; but I hear he's a ſtrange Animal of a Brute———Pray had he his Wings on? I ſuppoſe they ſav'd him his Paſſage.

Maid Oh! Mem, you miſtakes the *Iriſhmen*; they may ſay that they've *Wings*, but they all confeſs and boaſt of their *Tails.*

Lucy.

Lucy. Oh Tawdry! but ſee who's at the Door.

[*Exit, and returns with*

Cheatwell.

Miſs! your moſt humble and obedient——I came to acquaint you of our Danger: Our common Enemy is juſt imported hither, and is inquiring for your Father's Houſe thro' every Street——The *Iriſh* Captain, in ſhort, is come to *London*, ſuch a Figure! and ſo attended by the Rabble——

Lucy. I long to ſee him——we love Variety! and *Iriſhmen*, I hear, are not ſo deſpicable; beſides, the Captain may be miſrepreſented. [*Aſide.*] Mr. *Cheatwell*, you know my Father's Deſign is to have as many Suitors as he can, in order to have a Choice of them all.

Cheat. I have nothing but your Profeſſions and Sincerity to depend on—Oh here's my truſty Mercury.

Enter Sconce.

So—Well, have you dogg'd the Captain?

Sconce. Yes, yes, I left him ſnug at the *Blue Poſt*; he's juſt put for our purpoſe, eaſily hum'd: as ſimple and as undeſigning as we would have him. Well and what do you propoſe?

Cheat. Propoſe! why, to drive him back to his native Bogs as faſt as poſſible.

Lucy. Oh! Mr. *Cheatwell*—pray let's have a ſight of the *Creter*.——

Cheat. Oh! Female Curioſity——why, Child he'll frighten thee——he's above ſix Feet high——

Lucy. A fine Size——I like a tall Man. [*Aſide.*

Sconce. A great huge Back and Shoulders.

Lucy. We Women love Length and Breadth in Proportion. [*Aſide.*

Sconce. Wears a great long Sword which he calls his *Andreferara*.——

Lucy. I hear the *Iriſh* are naturally brave.——

Sconce

Sconce. And carries a large oaken Cudgel, which he calls his *Shillela*.

Lucy. Which he can make uſe of on Occaſion, I ſuppoſe, [*Aſide.*

Sconce. Add to this a great Pair of Jackboots, a *Cumberland* Pinch to his Hat, an Old red Coat, and a damn'd Potato Face.

Lucy. He muſt be worth ſeeing truly—

Cheat. Well, my dear Girl, be conſtant, wiſh me Succeſs; for I ſhall ſo hum, ſo roaſt, and ſo banter this ſame *Iriſh* Captain, that he'll ſcarce wiſh himſelf in *London* again theſe ſeven Years to come.

Lucy. About it—Adieu—I hear my Father.

Exeunt ſeverally.

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter Captain O'Blunder *and* Jerry.

Capt. And ſo you tells me Cherjeant, that *Terence M'Gloodery* keeps a Goon?

Serj. Yes, Sir.

Capt. Monomundioul! but if I catches any of theſe Spalpeen Brats keeping a Goon to deſtroy the Game, but I ſhall have 'em chot firſt, and phipt thorrough the Regiment afterwards.

Serj. One wou'd think that they ſhould be whipp'd firſt and then ſhot.

Capt. Well, iſhn't it the ſame Thing, Fat the Devil magnifies that?—'Tis but phipping and chooting all the time—'Tis the ſame thing in the End, ſure, after all your cunning, but ſtill you'll be a Wiſeacre: ſhut that *Terence M'Gloodery* is an old Pocher, he choots all the Rabbits in the Country to ſtock his own Burrough with 'em.

Enter a Mob who ſtare at him.

1ſt Mob. Twig his Boots.

2d Mob. Smoke his Sword, *&c. &c.*

Capt.

Capt. Well, you Scoundrels, did you never ſee an *Iriſh* Shentleman before?

Enter Sconce.

Sconce. Oh! fie! Gentlemen, are you not aſham'd to mock a Stranger after this rude Manner.

Capt. This is a ſhivil Short of a like Fellow enough. [*Aſide*

Sconce. If he is an *Iriſhman*, you may ſee by his Dreſs and Behaviour, that he is a Gentleman.

Capt. Yeſh, you Shons of Whores, don't you ſee by my Dreſs and Behaviour that I'm a Shentleman-Stranger—By my Shoul if I take *Shillela* to you, I'll make you all ſmoke. [*Mob runs off*

[*To Sconce.*] Shir, your humble Sharvant; you ſeem to be a ſhivil mannerly Shentleman, and I ſhall be glad to be gratified with your nearer Acquaintance. [*Salute.*]

Enter Cheatwell.

Cheat. Captain *O'Blunder*; Sir, you're extremely welcome to *London*—Sir, I'm your moſt ſincere Friend and devoted humble Servant—

Capt. Yara! then how well every body knows me in *London*—to be ſure they read of my Name in the Papers, and they know my Faaſh ever ſince.—Shir, your affected humble Sharvant. [*Salute.*

Cheat. Well, and Captain, tell us, how long are you arrived, I hope you had a good Paſſage?

Capt. By my Shoul, my own Bones are ſhore after it—We were on the Devil's own Turnpike for eight and forty Hours—to be ſure, we were all in a comical Pickle.—'Twas Old Nick's Race Horſe we rode: And tho' I bid the Landlord of the Ferry-boat to ſtop it, he took no more notice of me, than if I was one of the Spalpeens that was going over to reap the Harveſt.

Cheat. No, Captain!—The unmannerly Fellow! and what brought you to *London*.

Capt.

Capt. Faith, my dear Jewel, I came in the Stage-Coach from *Cheſter*.

Cheat. I mean, what Buſineſs?

Capt. How damn'd inquiſitive they are here! [*Aſide.* but I'll be as cunning as no Man alive. By my Shoul, my Jewel, I am going over to *Wirginny* to beat the *French*—They ſay they have driven our Country-men out of their Plantations; by my Shoul, my Jewel, if our Troops get vonſe among them, we'll cut them all in Pieces, and then bring em over Priſoners of War beſides.

Cheat. Indeed, Captain, you are come upon an honourable expedition—but pray, how is the old Gentleman your Father? I hope you left him in good Health?

Capt. Oh! by my Shoul, he's very well, my Jewel, for he's dead theſe four years.

Cheat. And the old Gentleman, your Uncle.

Capt. My Uncle!—You mean my Chiſter's Huſband, you Fool you, that's my Brother-in-Law.—

Cheat. Ay, a handſome Man—

Capt. Ha, ha, a handſome Man? ay, for he's a damn'd crooked Fellow; he's crooked ſhoulder'd, and has a Hump upon his Noſe, and a Pair of Huckle Backs upon his ſhins, if you call that handſome—Ha, ha, ha.

Cheat. And pray is that merry, joaking Gentleman alive ſtill—He that us'd to make us laugh ſo—You—Mr.—a

Capt. Phoo, I'll tell you who you mean—You mean *Sheela Shaghnaſſy's* Huſhband the Exſhiſeman.

Cheat. The very ſame.

Capt. Oh! my dear Jewel, he's as merry as my Lord Chief Joaker in *Dublin*; tho' he's not very wiſe phin I'm by; for I took him down—Arra, my Jewel, I'll tell you the whole Story—We took a walk together, and the Wind was very high, conſidering 'twas a fine calm Morning—'Twas in our back going, but,

but, by my Shoul, as we return'd, it was in our Faash coming home—and yet I could never perſuade him that the Wind was turn'd.

Cheat. Oh the Fool—

Capt. Ara, ſo I told him, my Jewel; you great Oaf, ſays I—If the Wind blows in your Back going and blows in your Faash coming, ſure the Wind is turn'd—No, if I was to preach, and to preach, till laſt Year come Twelvemonth, I cou'd not diſſuade him that the Wind was turn'd.—

Cheat. He had not common Senſe—Well, and does the old church ſtand where it did?

Capt. The old Church—the Devil a Church within ten Miles of us.—

Cheat. I'm ſure there was a kind of an old Building like a Church or Caſtle—

Capt. Phoo, my Jewel! I know what you call a Church—by my Shoul 'tis old lame *Will. Hurly*'s Mill you mean. [*Talk Aſide.*

Enter Sconce *with Monſieur* Ragou.

Sconce. Conſider, Monſieur, he's your Rival, and is come purely, and with an intent to rob you of your Miſtreſs.

Monſ. Is he—Le Fripon—Le grand Fripon! Perbleu, me no endure dat! icy l'Epee—vat you call—my Sword—Eſt bien aſſure—he may take my Vord for dat.—

Sconce. And he's the greateſt of all Cowards—tho' he carries that great ſwaggering broad Sword—believe me, Monſieur, he would not fight a Cat—he'd run away if you drew upon him.—

Monſ. You be bien aſſure that he be de grand Coward—Mon Ami—Eh bien—vell den—I'll have his Blood—my heart dance de pit a pat. [*Aſide.*] Je n'avois pas le Courage, I have not de good Courage.

Sconce. But Man, only affront him—go up to him.

Monſ.

Monſ. Me ſall ſhew him de bon Addreſſe—Helm—[*goes up to the Captain*] Monſieur le Capitaine vous etes le grand Fripon.—

Capt. Well gelun a Gud, have you any *Iriſh*?

Monſ. Irelande! me no be ſuch ourlandiſh Country;—you ſmell of the Potatoe.—

Capt. Do I—by my Shoul I did not taſte a Peaty ſince I left *Ireland*; may be he has a mind to put the Front upon me. [*To* Cheatwell.

Cheat. It looks like it, very like it, Captain.

Capt. Faith, my Jewel, I don't know a more peaceable Companion than *Andreferara* here—[*ſhewing his Sword*] but if he's provok'd—he's no Slouch at it—do you mean to front me, you *French* Bougre—Eh—

Monſ. Affront—you be de Teague, de vild *Iriſh-man*—de Potato Face—me no think it vorth my while to notice you Otez vous je dis—go about your Buſineſs—

Capt. Oh, ho, are you there? come out, my truſty *Andreferara*—here take *Shillela*—[*Gives his Cudgel to* Cheatwell.]

Sconce. Draw, for he won't fight. [*to the* Frenchman.

Monſ. He be de terrible Countenance—he be fort enrage, dev'liſh angry. [*Draws.*

Capt. Come on, you Soup Malgre.

[*They fight—Monſieur falls.*

Capt. After that *you're* eaſy—who ſmells of Praty now? you Refugee Son of a Whore—affront an *Iriſh* Shentleman!

Sconce. The Man's dead.

Capt. Is he?—what magnifies that; I killed him in the fair duelling Way.

Cheat. But, Captain, 'tis death by the Law to duel in *England*—and this Place is not ſo ſafe a Place for you—I'm heartily ſorry for this Accident.

Capt. Ara, my Jewel, they don't mind it in *Ireland* one Trawneen.

Cheat

Cheat. Come, come, Captain, ſafe's the Word—the Street will be ſoon alarmed—you can come to my Houſe till the Danger's over—and I will get you bail.

Capt. By my Shoul, I believe 'tis the beſt Way, for fear of the Boners.

Cheat. Here's my Friend will ſhew you the Way to my Houſe; I'll be with you in a Minute.

[*Exit* Captain *with* Sconce.

Cheat. Are you dead, Monſieur? Eveillez vous—get up Man. [*Monſieur riſes.*

Monſ. Parblieu—ille avoit de long Rapier—he be de terrible *Iriſhman*—'tis well me fall in time, or he make me fall ſo dat me never reſuſciter—never get up again.

Cheat. Well, I'm glad there's no more Miſchief done—
Come, never mind the *Iriſhman* a Ruſh,
You and the Captain ſhall have t'other Bruſh.

Monſ. Parblieu—me kiſs de Book—me juſt have ſwore,
Never to fight an *Iriſhman*, no more.

Cheat. Come, come along, you Son of a *French* Whore. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Mad Houſe.

Enter Captain *and* Sconce.

Sconce. Captain, this is your Couſin's Houſe: I'll go and get proper Things for your Accommodation—Sir, your humble Servant for a Moment or ſo—give me your Things.

[*Takes his Sword and Cudgel.*

Capt. Shir, your moſt humble Sharvant. [*Looks about.* Faith, my Couſin's Houſe is a brave large Place—tho' it is not ſo very well furniſhed—but I ſuppoſe the Maid was cleaning out the Rooms: So—who are theſe now—Some acquaintance of my Couſin's to be ſure.

Enter

Enter Dr. Clyſter *and Dr.* Gallypot.

(Both ſalute the Captain*)* [*Chairs.*

Capt. Shentlemen your moſt humble Sharvant——But where's my Couſin?

Clyſt. His Couſin——What does he mean?

[*To Dr.* Gallypot.

Gally. What ſhou'd a Madman mean? Sir, we come to treat you in a regular Manner.

Capt. O, dear Shentlemen, 'tis too much Trouble——you need not be over regular, a ſingle Joint of Meat, and a good Glaſs of ale will be a very good Treat without any needleſs Expences.

Clyſt. Do you mind that Symptom—the canine Appetite.

Capt. Nine Appetites——no, my Jewel; I have an Appetite like other People; a Couple of Pounds will ſerve me if I was ever ſo hungry——phat the Devil do they talk of Nine Appetites; do they think I'm a Cat, that have as many Stomachs as lives.

Gally. He looks a little wild, Brother.

Capt. What! are you Brodthers?

Both. Pray, Sir, be ſeated; we ſhall examine methodically into the Nature of your Caſe.

[*They ſit*——Captain *in the Middle*——*they feel his Pulſe*——*he ſtares at them.*

Capt. Fat de Devil do they mean by taking me by the Wriſts—may be 'tis the Faſhion of Compliment in London.

Clyſt. Brother, you plainly perceive that the Syſtole and Diaſtole are obſtructed.

Capt. My Piſs-hole and Arſe-hole——Vat de Devil ails them? Eh! ſure dey're mad.

Gally. Firſt, Brother, let us examine the Symptoms.

Capt. By my Shoul, the Fellows are Fools.

Clyſt. Pray Sir, how do you reſt?

Capt. In a good Feather-bed, my Jewel—and ſometimes I take a Nap in an Arm-chair.

Clyſt.

Clyſt. But do you ſleep ſound?

Capt. Faith I ſleep and ſnore all Night; and when I awake in the Morning, I find myſelf faſt aſleep.

Gally. The Cerebrum or Cerebellum is affected.

Capt. The Devil a Sir Abram, or Bell either I mind.

Gally. How do you eat, Sir?

Capt. Width my Mouth—how the Devil ſhou'd I eat d'ye think?

Clyſt. Pray, Sir, have you a good Stomach, d'ye eat heartily?

Capt. Oh, my Jewel, I'm no Slouch at that, tho' a clumſy Beef-ſtake, or the Leg and Arm of a Turkey, with a Griſkin under the Oxter wou'd ſharve my Turn.

Gally. Do you generally drink much?

Capt. Oh, my Jewel, a Couple of Quarts of Ale and Porter would not choke me; but what the Devil magnifies ſo many Queſtions about eating and drinking?—if you have a mind to order any thing, do it as ſoon as you can, for I am almoſt famiſh'd.

Clyſt. I am for treating him regularly, methodically, and ſecundum Artem.

Capt. Secundem Fartem———I don't ſee any Sign of treating at all—Ara, my Jewels, ſend for a Mutton Chop, and don't trouble yourſelves about my Stomach.

Clyſt. I ſhall give you my Opinion concerning this Caſe, Brother——*Galen* ſays,

Capt. Wil gelun a gud?

Clyſt. I ſay that *Galen* is of Opinion, that in all aduſt Complexions.—

Capt. Well, and who has a duſty Complexion?

Clyſt. A little Patience, Sir.

Capt. I think I have a great deal of Patience; that People can't eat a Morſel without ſo many impertinent Queſtions.

Clyſt. *Qui habet vultum Aduſtum,*
Habet caninum Guſtum.

Capt.

Capt. I'm ſure 'tis an ugly Cuſtom to keep a Man ſting ſo long after pretending to treat him.

Gally. Ay Brother, but *Hypocrates* differs from *alen* in this Caſe.

Capt. Well, but my Jewels, let there be no Diſ- rence nor falling out between Brothers about me, r a ſmall Matter will ſharve my Turn.

Clyſt. Sir, you break the Thread of our Diſcourſe; was obſerving that in gloomy opaque Habits, the igidity of the Solids cauſes a continual Friction in the uids, which by being conſtantly impeded, grow ick and glutinous, by which Means they cannot en- r the capillary Veſſels, nor the other finer Ramifeati- s of the Nerves.

Gally. Then, Brother, from your poſition, it will deducible that the *Primæ Viæ* are to be firſt cleared, hich muſt be effected by frequent Emeticks.

Clyſt. Sudoroticks.

Gally. Catharticks.

Clyſt. Pneumaticks.

Gally. Reſtoratives.

Clyſt. Corroſives.

Gally. Narcoticks.

Clyſt. Cephalicks.

Gally. Pectorals.

Clyſt. Stypticks.

Gally. Specificks.

Clyſt. Cauſticks.

Capt. How naturally they anſwer one another, like e Pariſh Miniſter and the Clerk——by my Shoul, wels, this Gibberiſh will never fill a Man's Belly.

Clyſt. And thus to ſpeak *Summatim*, and *Articula-*, or categorically, to recapitulate the ſeveral Re- edies in the Aggregate, the Emeticks will clear the ſt Paſſages, and reſtore the Viſcera to their priſtine one, and regulate their loſt periſtaltick orver micular otion; ſo that from the Oeſphagus to the Rectum I n for potent Emeticks.

Gally.

Gally. And next for Sudorificks, as they open the Pores, or rather the porous Continuity of the cutaneous Dermis and Epidermis: then to convey the noxious and melancholy Humours of the Blood.

Clyſt. With Catharticks to purge him.

Gally. Pneumaticks to ſcourge him.

Clyſt. Narcoticks to doze him.

Gally. Cephalicks to poſe him.

Capt. Theſe are ſome of the Diſhes they are to treat me with——Why, my Jewels, there's no need for all this Cookery—upon my Shoul this is to be a grand Entertainment. Well, they'll have their own Way.

Clyſt. Suppoſe we uſe Phlebotomy, and take from him thirty Ounces of Blood.

Capt. Flea my Bottom—d'ye ſay?

Gally. His Eyes roll—call in the Keepers.

[*Enter Keepers.*

Capt. Flea my Bottom—Oh, my *Andreferara* and *Shillela*, I want ye now—but here's a Chair—Flea my Bottom—Ye Sonſof Whores—ye Gibberiſh Scoundrels.

[*Drives them out.*

Oh! this Son of a Whore of a Couſin of mine, to bring me to theſe Thieves to flea my Bottom——If I meet him, I'll flea his Bottom. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Street.

Enter Serjeant.

I have been ſeeking my Maſter every where, and cannot find him: I hope nothing has happened him——I think that was one of the Gentlemen I ſaw with him.

Enter Sconce.

Sir, Sir, pray did you ſee the Captain my Maſter Captain *O'Blunder*, the *Iriſh* Gentleman?

Sconce. Not I, indeed my Friend——I left him late with Mr. *Cheatwell*—I ſuppoſe they're taking a Bottle together——Oh, No! here's the Captain.

Enter

Enter Captain.

Capt. Oh! my dear Friend, I had like to be loſt, be ruinated by that Scoundrel my Couſin——Well, n ſo out of Breath, I ran away with my Life from e Thieves——You know you left me at my Couſin's ouſe——Well I walk'd about for ſome Time, to be re I thought it an odd ſort of a Houſe, when I ſaw Furniture——There I expected my Couſin every oment; and, my dear Jewel, there came in two rd-lime Sons of Whores, with great Whigs—they k'd like Conjurors and Fortune-tellers—one takes ld of one of my Wriſts, and the other catches hold my other Wriſt, I thought by way of Compleent: I ſat down betwixt them, did they chatter like bberiſh, like a couple of old Baboons; and all this courſe was conchaarning me——they talk'd of treating me, and aſk'd me, Had I a good Stom—one of 'em ſaid, I had nine Appetites; gth, my Jewels, what ſhou'd come of the they agreed before my Face to flea my Bottom! if I tell you a word of Lie I'm not here ar, they call in the Keepers to tie me; I Chair; for I gave you my *Shillela* and a, and drove them out, and made my Eſcape *Sconce*. I am ſorry to ſee that your Couſin ved ſo rudely towards you, but any thing that Power——

Capt. Oh! Sir you're a very worthy Gentleman, , Charjeant, I muſt go to ſee Mr. *Trader* the Merant, and his fair Daughter——Has the *Taylor* ought home my Clothes?

Serj. Yes, Sir, and the old Gentleman expects you mediately, and ſent a Man in Livery for you.—

Capt. Come, my good Friend, I won't part with u——I'll ſtep to my Lodging, and juſt ſlip on my othes, that I may pay my due regards to my Miſs, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Madhouſe.

Cheatwell, Clyſter, *and* Gallypot.

Cheat. I'm ſorry for this Accident.

Clyſt. In troth Mr. *Cheatwell*, he was the moſt ſe
rious Madman that ever I met with during the whol
Courſe of my Practice.

Gally. I am now ſurpris'd how he ſat ſo long quiet

Cheat. He'll run riot about the Streets; but I hop
he'll be taken—Oh! here's *Sconce.*

Enter Sconce.

Well, what news of the Captain?

Scon. I juſt ran to let you know of his Motions; h
is preparing to dreſs, in order to pay a Viſit to Mi
, and to pay his Reſpects to *Trader*, and wo
for you; 'tis whiſper'd on *Change*, that *Trad*

If that ſhou'd fall out ſo, I ſhall eaſily reſig
tenſions to the Captain. 'Twas Lucy's Purſ
her Beauty, that I courted.
I muſt run back to the Captain, and keep
, to ſerve a Turn; do you at a Diſtance wait
proceed accordingly. [*Exit*

Well, Gentlemen, I ſhall take Care to ac
dge your Trouble the firſt time I ſee you
; ſo adieu. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.

The Captain's *Lodgings.*

Capt. Arrah but who the Devil do you think I m
Yeſterday full in the Street but *Theady Shaglonaſſy?*

Serj. Well, and how is he?

Capt. Arrah ſtuay till I tell you; he waſh at tod
Side of the Way, laſh when I came up, I waſh n
him. Tell me, doſh my new Regimentals becom
me?

Ser

Serj. Yes indeed, Sir I think they do.

Capt. This Pocket is too high; I muſt be forced ſtoop for my Snuff-box.

Enter Sconce.

Ha! upon my Word, Captain, you look as ſpruce a young Bridegroom.

Capt. All in a good time—and does it ſit eaſy?

Sconce. Eaſy! Sir, it fits like your Shirt.

Capt. I think its a little too wide here in the Sleeve; afraid the Fellow has'nt left Cloth enough to take ; tho' I can't blame the Fellow neither; for I was by when he took Meaſure of me—Serjeant, here take this Sixpence Half-penny, and buy me a pair of te Gloves.

Sconce. I don't think you can get a Pair for Six- nce.

Capt. Why, how much will the Leatherman have?

Sconce. Two Shillings.

Capt. Two Thirteens!

Serj. Indeed, Sir, you won't get them leſs in *London*.

Capt. Not leſs than two Thirteens! *Monomundioul!* I'd rather my Hands ſhould go barefoot all the s of their Lives, than give two Thirteens for a of Gloves—Come, come along, I'll go without ; My Miſtreſs muſt excuſe me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Trader's *Houſe*.

Enter Trader *and* Lucy.

Tra. Well, Daughter, I have been examining into Circumſtances of *Cheatwell*, and find he is not rth a Six-pence; and, as for your *French* Lover, he me run-away dancing-maſter or Hair-cutter from *ris*; ſo that really, among them all, I cannot find one to come up to your *Iriſh* Lover, either for th, Fortune or Character.

Lucy.

Lucy. Sir, you're the beſt Judge in the diſpoſing
and indeed I have no real Tendre for any of
—As to the *Iriſh* Captain, I have not ſeen him a
Tra. You'll ſee him preſently, I ſent to his Lodg
and expect him every moment—Oh! here's Mon

Enter Monſieur Ragou.

Well, Monſieur, I have been trying my Da
ter's Affections in regard to you, and as ſh
willing to be guided by me in this Affair, I w
willingly know by what viſible Means you inte
maintain her like a Gentlewoman as ſhe is, bot
Birth and Education?

Monſ. Me have de grand Acquaintance with the
Monde; and, ſi vois plais to do me the Hono
making me your Son in-Law, me tranſact your N
tiations with all poſſible Care and Belle Air.

Enter Captain O'Blunder, *&c.*

Tra. You're welcome to my Houſe—Sir, th
my Daughter—this Child, is Captain *O'Blunder*, w
I hope you will receive as he deſerves.

Capt. Faireſt of Creatures, will you gratify me
a Taſte of your ſweet delicate Lips? [*Kiſſes*] B
Shoul a neat Creature, and a good Bagooragh G
Oh, oh! I ſee my *Frenchman*! and, Faith, I h
Praty ready for him now.

Monſ. Oh! Le Diable—he eſpy me—me bett
off while I am well.

Capt. (*Goes up to* Monſieur) I thought my Mo
Ragou, that you were dead—do I ſmell of the
now, you Soupe Maigre Son of a *French* Boogre!

Tra. The Captain has a mind to be merry
the *Frenchman*.

Capt. By my Shoul, my Jewel, I have got a Praty for you now—here—eat it. Eat this—Oh, oh, come forth. [*Draws*] Eat that Praty this Minute. I'm ſure it is better than your Garlick nor Ingyons in *France*.

[*Frenchman eats it.*

Enter a Servant to Trader.

Serv. Oh! Sir—there are certain Accounts come—but theſe Letters will better inform you.

Tra. [*Reads*] Oh Captain, I am ruin'd, undone—broke—

Capt. Broke! what have you broke?

Tra. Oh! my Fortune's broke; I am not a Penny above a Beggar.

Monſ. Oh! den me be off de Amour—me have no Dealings with Beggars; me have too many of the Beggar in my own Country; ſo me better ſlip away in good Time. [*Exit.*

Tra. So now, Captain, I have not concealed my Misfortune from you; you are at Liberty to chooſe a happier Wife, for my poor Child is miſerable.

Capt. I thought your Ribs was broke; I am no Surgeon; but if 'tis only a little Money that broke you, give me this ſweet Lady's Lilly-white Hand, and, as far as a good Eſtate in Land and Stock will go, I'll ſhare it with her, and with yourſelf—Ara, never mind the Thieves, my Jewel, I'll break their Necks before they ſhall break your little Finger. Come, I'll give you a Song of my own Compoſition.

Since the firſt Time I ſaw you, I take no repoſe,
Sleep all the Day to forget half my Woes;
So ſtrong is the Flame in my Boſom which glows,
By my Shoul I'm afraid it will burn thro' my Cloaths.
Ballynamony, oro, &c.

Wherever I'm going, and all the Day long,
Abroad and at home, and alone in a Throng,
I find that my Paſſion's ſo lively and ſtrong,
That you're Name, when I'm ſilent, runs ſtill in my Song,
Ballynamony, oro, &c.

On that happy Day, when I make you my Bride
With a ſwinging long Sword, how I'll ſtrut and I'll ſtride,
In a Coach and ſix Horſes with Honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the Church by your Side,
Ballynamony, oro, &c.

Enter Cheatwell.

Gentlemen, I beg Pardon for this Intruſion.

Capt. Oh by my Shoul, this is my friendly Cou[sin] that bid the Conjurers ſtea my Bottom.

Cheat. Sir, I beg your Pardon in particular, a[nd] hope you'll grant me it; nothing but Neceſſity w[as] the Cauſe of my ungenteel Behaviour—This Lad[y] had an Eſteem for, but ſince Things have turn'd o[ut] as they have, my Pretenſions are without Found[a]tion: therefore Captain, I hope you will look upon m[e] in the Light of an Unfortunate Man, rather than of [a] bad Man.

Capt. Faath, my dear Couſin, ſince Love is th[e] Cauſe of your Mourning, I ſhall forgive you with [all] my Heart. [*Shakes Hands.*

Cheat. Sir, I ſhall always look upon your Friend[ſ]hip as an Honour; and hope you'll look upon me [as] a poor unfortunate young Fellow, that has not [a] Shilling nor the Means of getting one upon the Fa[ce] of the Earth.

Capt. Oh, upon my Shoul, then, couſin *Cheatwell*, I pity your Condition with all my Heart; and ſince Things are ſo bad with you, if you'll take a Trip t[o] my

Iriſh Plantations with me and my dear Creature
e, I'll give you 500*l.* to ſtock a Farm upon my
Eſtate, at *Ballymaſcuſhlane*, in the County of
agban, and the Barony of *Coogeſhy*—Fair, and
e's *Betty*, a tight Girl; and ſince you cou'd not
the Miſtreſs, if you'll take up with the Maid, my
r here will give her a Couple of Hundred to
une her off.

etty. Captain, I'm very much oblig'd to you, for
ing me a Huſband; if Mr. *Cheatwell* has any
ddre for me, I have a hundred Pound at his Ser-
of my own ſaving.

heat. I ſhould be blind to my own Intereſt not to
ept of ſuch valuable Propoſals, and with Grati-
take your Hand, promiſing for the future, to
a Life which ſhall be a Credit both to myſelf and
Benefactor.

apt. Well then, without Compliments, I am glad
ave made one poor Man happy; and ſince we have
e a double Match of it, hey for *Ireland*, where
will all live like the Sons of *Iriſh* Kings.

ucy. This Generoſity amazes me, and greatly
udices me in the Honeſty and Goodneſs of the
.

apt. Oagh, my dear little Charmer, I've another
; juſt a *Propos*.

ll the Husbands living an Iriſhman's *the beſt*,
With my fal, lal, *&c.*
Nation on the Globe, oagh, like him can ſtand the Teſt,
With my fal, lal, *&c.*
Engliſh are all Drones, as plainly you may ſee,
we're all briſk and airy, and lively as a Bee,
With my fal, lal, *&c.*

ucy. Sir, your generous Behaviour ſo frankly
n on ſo melancholy an Accident, has entirely
gained

gained my Heart, nor do I value your Estate, when
in Competition with your noble Soul.

Thus, let all Women judge, and thus decide,
The Heart's fairest noble worth alone ally'd;
Nor glittering Wealth shou'd blind the Fair one's Eye,
Which, not with Honour join'd, not shou'd despise:

[Exit.

FINIS.

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